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SOME MISTAKES

—OF—

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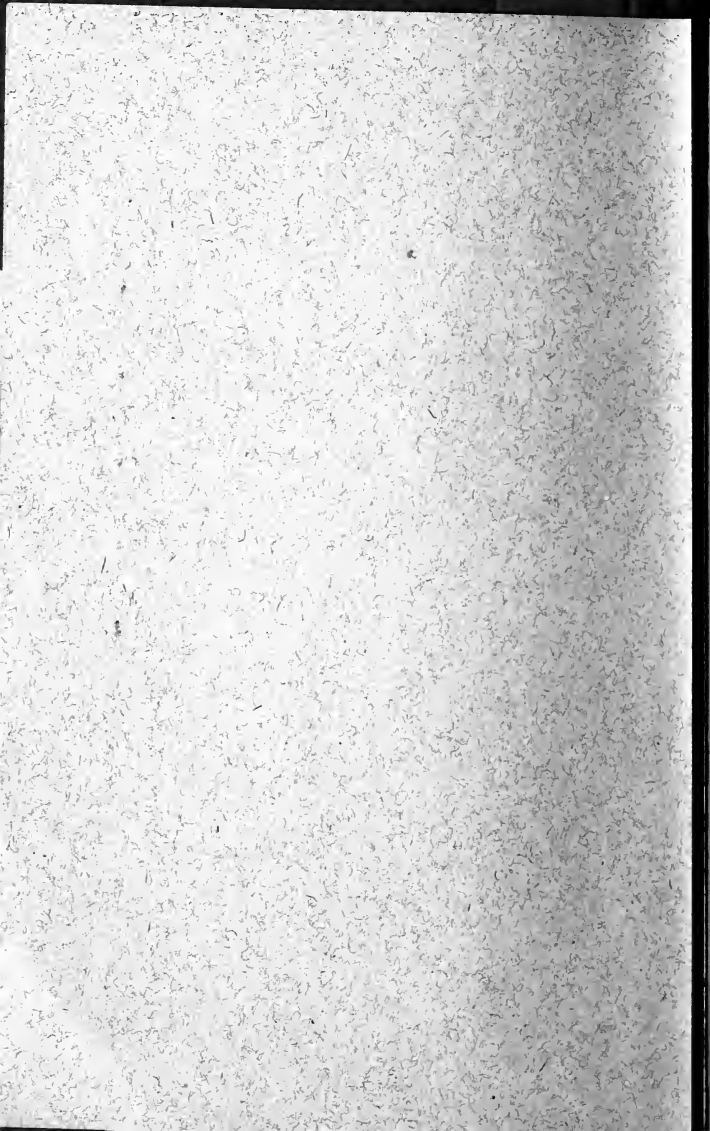
A LECTURE

BY

RICHARD R. WATERS.

NEWPORT, KY.

1886.



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SOME
MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL,
A LECTURE

— BY —

RICHARD R. WATERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Robert Ingersoll is one of the prominent orators of this age. His style is energetic, and his phraseology is the embodiment of ridicule and pathos. His arguments are upheld by the frail arm of sophistry, and in the loom of imagination he weaves the fantastic drapery of his thoughts.

Mr. Ingersoll may be a man of earnest conviction, of noble impulse, but, at present, he leads the rebellious hosts of infidelity.

Do you think his conviction honest, his impulse noble? Is his cause just? Would your families be happier without a definite form of religion? Without the Christian religion would the world be any wiser, purer, or grander? These are vital questions, and they should be answered with prayerful lips.

Ingersoll ridicules the Bible, and he uses slander as an argument against it. He is a man of many wants. He wants the Bible to be both scientific and religious, and, I suppose, a dictionary of every language.

He condemns Moses. Why? Because Moses did not compile a zoological, an astronomical or a

geological encyclopedia for free-thinkers. Moses, he thinks, should have related every detail of the creation according to science.

Now, it is positively necessary that we should understand science; it helps *some people* to appreciate the teachings of Christianity.

But Moses did not speak of the "*Nebular hypothesis*," did not mention Kepler's laws, neglected to state how much matter God had made, and how much time he spent in making it. Moses forgot to name the constellations, and to number the suns, planets, and satellites of every system. Besides, he did not invent the telescope, and only gave us bare facts. Therefore, says Mr. Ingersoll, Moses is mistaken.

Masterly minds are explaining the Pentateuch; scholars and scientists are testifying to the truth of every statement in it.

Mr. Ingersoll is a fanatic on the subject of free thought.

In his lecture entitled "Some Mistakes of Moses," he says: "I want to do what little I can to make my country truly free, to broaden the intellectual horizon of our people."

Do you understand that statement?

He may broaden the intellectual horizon of the people by elevating them.

Education is the ladder of intelligence, but a thorough education includes the principles of Christianity. Collected evidence proves that every race has a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being; and the intellectual development of each race is based upon some established form of religion. The Christian religion reaches the loftiest height of human thought, and the most enlightened nations rejoice in its benefits.

What improvement does Ingersoll offer? What

is his standard of freedom? Can infidelity broaden the intellectual horizon of our people?

Ingersoll should remember that Christian intelligence has reformed the world. He should not forget that in every storm this country has been upheld by Christian intelligence. The shriek of the savage was answered by the solemn chant of the Pilgrim Fathers. Christian intelligence foresaw the glorious future of our Republic, foresaw the dangers of monarchy, and in its godly strength it shattered the throne and built this National temple of freedom.

Does Mr. Ingersoll claim that infidelity wrought these wonders? He has no just grounds upon which to base his claim. Then, can his visionary scheme broaden the intellectual horizon of our people or make them truly free?

Vain Mortal! like a madman he tries to overthrow the beneficial walls which surround him, and his eloquent frenzy is echoed by the fickle lips of popularity.

Mr. Ingersoll proceeds and says: "I want to free the schools." He wants to free the schools! That is a deep statement or else it is hard to understand.

He speaks again: "Science has nothing in common with religion." Remember that remark, write it down, "Science has nothing in common with religion."

What next? He asks the question. "Can there be Methodist mathematics, Catholic astronomy, Presbyterian geology, Baptist biology, or Episcopal botany?"

That is not proper, and it must be answered by asking a similar question. Can there be mathematics of infidelity, atheistic astronomy, anti-christian geology, free-thinkers biology, or scoffers botany?

In the next assertion Mr. Ingersoll makes a mistake. "Our country," says he, "will never be filled with great institutions of learning until there is an absolute divorce between church and schools."

That is not a sensible statement. Just think of it, a country which is abundantly supplied with great institutions of learning, will never be filled with great institutions of learning, until there is an absolute divorce between church and school. As truthfully, he might have said, that our country will never become great and prosperous until there is an absolute divorce between capital and labor.

The gentleman is not excitable; because his mistakes are attributed to the Bible.

Now, here is a sentence which is too feeble to stand alone.

"The liberty of man," says the Colonel, "is not safe in the hands of any church."

Is that true? The Protestant church has been the herald of liberty.

In England it announced the advent of religious toleration, and in America it proclaimed the precepts of emancipation. Let us not rashly condemn the zeal of the church, for its teachings are good, and the faults which may be traced to individual members are unjustly attributed to the religious body.

Let us test Mr. Ingersoll's views before we accept them. After we have applied a satisfactory test let us find a rule of conduct in this maxim: "He who scoffs at another's mistakes should not be trusted to remedy it."

Our learned and impartial Infidel says: "The real oppressor, enslaver and corrupter of the people is the Bible."

That is a frightful peal of eloquent thunder. It is an awful crash in the storm of words. The Colonel, at intervals, makes a very sensible remark. My friends, suppose a great orator would tell you that murderers, hypocrites and adulterers were the protectors of our Republic, would you believe him? Well, those are the names which Ingersoll applies to Christians.

Christianity saw this grand country from afar; it launched its frail ships upon the fretful ocean; it stepped on shore, and worship soared over a wilderness; against the hordes of the British crown it led the youthful valor of America; and under the Christian banner, civilization marched triumphantly from ocean to ocean.

Here is an assertion, which will, I think, establish Ingersoll's reputation as a thorough-bred egotist. "For my part," says he, "I care nothing for what the church says except in so far as it agrees with my reason, and the Bible is nothing to me only in so far as it agrees with what I think or know." A generous acknowledgment.

Robert ought to organize a saintly band and found a church.

Ingersoll represents the ass in the following fable:

Jupiter assembled all the animals together, and held a convention for the purpose of broadening the intellectual horizon of the animal kingdom.

The lion was duly elected and proclaimed the king of beasts, and the symbolic honor, prudence and courage, was conferred by the potential decree of Jupiter.

The dove was announced as the type of love; and since the day of that memorable convention it has been ever faithful to its pledge.

The ghostly, solemn owl was elected to fill the office of the symbol of wisdom. The sagacious

bird understood the nature of its high appointment, for it flew into the somber realm of solitude, and there it has remained, engaged in sage meditation.

Jupiter selected the lamb as a fit emblem of innocence. But, an ass, that had taken an active part in the business of the convention, objected to the lamb, and proposed himself as the candidate.

"The lamb," said the ass, "is weak and insignificant, but I am large, strong, and attractive."

"Foolish ass," said Jupiter, "size and strength are not the characteristics of innocence, its attributes are humility, infancy, and purity."

The ass defied Jupiter, and insulted the convention. But an elephant seized the excited beast and dragged it to the foot of Jupiter's throne.

"Ass," said Jupiter, "arrogance and bad behavior have thrown you into the rude arms of punishment. You shall be the emblem of stupidity; your descendants shall be scattered throughout the earth; and from them will spring fools, scoffers, and false prophets.

Moral: "Be not wise in your own conceit," but be submissive to the power of truth. Christ has called us together, and his teachings will broaden our intellectual horizon. The Bible gives us types and symbols of faith. Infidelity is in the convention of church, and it ridicules the Lamb of God. But the Almighty will uphold the Lamb of His choice, and the scorners will be expelled from His divine convention.

What is infidelity, what does it offer you? It is the deformed child of doubt, and it offers you the bitter fruit of regret. Vanity is its god, and ignorance its attribute. We will test the character of infidelity.

In the awful presence of death, what does it say?

Listen ; Do not appeal to me, for I cannot console you. I hear your moans and sobs, but I am like a savage beast that tears the flesh of its living prey. Your tears may drip upon the face of death, your voice tremble in the anguish of grief ; you may clench your arms around the frozen body of your dead, but I will be silent, for I have no pity, no hope, no comfort ! The grave is my god. It is my eternal bride. Enfolded in its putrid arms I will rest in dreamless, endless slumber.

Such is the voice of infidelity.

Ingersoll tells you to forsake your faith. He says doubt is stronger and grander than faith.

We will remain firm in our belief, and to Ingersoll we will say—you are mistaken.

Faith is religion's tower, and from its lofty turret the Christian beholds the fair land of Eden. We will test the character of faith. Who has not seen the sickening, ghastly face of death ? Death teaches us life's most solemn lesson, and from his lurid lips come the warning words, Beware ! Prepare ! His hand sweeps valor and beauty into the vault of decay. Who has not wept at the sight of manly strength chained with the frozen fetters of death, and who has not mourned over the shrouded forms of youth and loveliness ? Within a casket you have placed a jewel of your life ; under a coffin lid she has laid a treasure of her heart ; unto the altar of sorrow they have brought a precious, lifeless form.

Faith, the comforter comes, she wipes the dew of grief from our eyes, and speaks to us in the accents of love.

“My children, why do you lament ? Are your loved ones forever lost ? Those folded hands are only at rest ; in another life they will fondle you, and lead you into the fields of joy. That icy form

is but the earthly type of man, and in its decay you see the fate of all material life. But let your hearts be filled with joy, for immortality begins at the tomb, and the fading loveliness of earth is endowed with purity and perfection in Heaven."

Ingersoll boasts of infidelity's grandeur, strength and purity, attributes every social advancement, every scientific discovery, the noblest productions of art to infidelity. He condemns every thing except free thought.

To disown and dishonor his Creator is his religion. Throughout nature's wide domain he finds nothing but death.

The cloud-piercing mountain, the grand ocean, the vast firmament, to him, are the works of rude force; and form, sound, and color, the creations of blind chance.

Upon his fitful brain fancy builds her throne. His intellect is her vassal, and in the tinsel of false eloquence she arrays his vigorous mind.

Ingersoll slanders the church and denounces every precept of Christianity.

When we know that a belief possesses purity, is it just to say it is without purity? When we are positive that a doctrine is good, is it honest to say it is bad? Mr. Ingersoll knows that certain elements of the Christian religion are pure and good, yet he denounces the whole fabric of Christianity.

Can you accept the word of a man who insinuates that this earth and its restless hosts of life have no Creator? Will you listen to a man who intimates that the boundless and eternal universe is the workmanship of sightless chance. What is the testimony of time? The answer is: Since the Ascension, eighteen centuries have been swallowed up in the ocean of the past; mighty nations have

had their rise and fall in the flight of those centuries; destruction has trodden upon the record of man's genius; annihilation has crushed the foundations of empires; and the smoke of desolation shrouds many scenes of earthly power and grandeur. But the teachings of Christ still survive—His religion is immortal.

My friends, Ingersoll is mistaken. Infidelity cannot stand the test of time; it cannot give you consolation, nor prepare you for eternity.

The poet Young gives a good definition of infidelity in the following lines:

“What then is unbelief? 'Tis an exploit;
A strenuous enterprise: to gain it, man
Must burst through every bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong!
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize, repentance, Infamy, his crown.”

“Science has nothing in common with religion,” says Colonel Ingersoll.

“I say they have something in common for they are closely related. When I say religion I mean the Christian religion. Science and religion are the children of truth and each performs a noble duty. Science speaks to the reason, religion appeals to the heart; science gazes at the stars, religion looks beyond them; science is a teacher, religion, a guide; science wins man's admiration and respect, religion gains his reverence and his love.

A few feverish, emotional people imagine that science and religion are at war.

Have you ever heard a scientific infidel express his views? Well, if not, you have a higher opinion of human nature.

It is the scientific fanatic, or infidel, who makes mistakes. A true scientist is a profound student. He searches for truth, and the trifling debates of speculation are beneath his notice.

The scientist knows that every fact has an originator, and that every form of life and matter are created and molded by the hand of the Infinite Being.

But Ingersoll struts before the public, and condemns religion in the name of science.

Who invested him with this authority? Is he the foreman of a scientific jury? Is he a learned sage or a deep philosopher?

No; but he is an orator.

Oratory, I must admit, is a splendid accomplishment, but that alone does not entitle a man to use the weighty authority of every science. No, sir; whenever Mr. Ingersoll says that science condemns religion, he should be sure that his words are endorsed by the highest scientific intelligence. Ingersoll makes the following assertion: "The telescope destroyed the firmament, did away with the heaven of the New Testament, rendered the Ascension of our Lord and the assumption of his Mother infinitely absurd, crumbled to chaos the gates and palaces of the New Jerusalem, and in their places gave to man a wilderness of worlds."

Could the jabber of an idiot be more absurd? Just think of it, the telescope destroyed the firmament! How did it destroy the firmament? What had the telescope to do with the Ascension of our Lord or the assumption of his Mother. The Colonel says it rendered those facts infinitely absurd. I think it is infinitely absurd to attempt to investigate those facts with a telescope. "It crumbled to chaos the gates and palaces of the New Jerusalem, and in their places gave to man a wilderness," says the Colonel.

Do you believe it? Robert has mistaken the engine of sight for a battering-ram; and instead of a wilderness of worlds the telescope has given to man a systematized chart of the heavens.

Some of the gentleman's admirers have claimed that he is inspired. Let them compare that "telescope item" with the words of David: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," are the words of the Psalmist.

"The telescope destroyed the firmament, and did away with the Heaven of the New Testament," are the words of the Infidel.

Does he expect you to forsake the Word of God for such florid nonsense?

Christ and his religion are facts, and Ingersoll must bring his scientific facts against them.

He does so,— what is the result?

No change takes place. Scientific facts remain scientific facts; Christ and his religion remain unchanged; each fact is a separate and identical truth, and truth is eternal.

Mr. Ingersoll attributes some things to science which properly belong to religion. He attaches many claims to the telescope, and makes it the standard instrument of infidelity. But Christian astronomers, whose light illuminates the world, have looked with the eye of faith through this brazen expounder of the heavens. The name of Sir Isaac Newton is emblazoned upon the scroll of everlasting fame. He turned the crystal eye of the telescope toward the firmament; the grandeur of Heaven was revealed, and he bowed before the Maker of those vast wonders, and prayerfully acknowledged the Divine Wisdom and Power.

In the nervous brain of the infidel a war is waging; his mind is the battle-field upon which science and religion meet; his mouth is the trumpet of infidelity's fame. Let such vain dreams be forgotten. Leave them with the morbid mind of unbelief. Science and religion have a

divine work to perform, and their labor is not confined to this span of earthly life: it extends into the boundless field of eternity.

In the "Pleasures of Hope," Thomas Campbell speaks of the skeptic. His lines are beautiful and applicable; I will repeat them:

"O, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse
 One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
 The luke-warm passions of a lowly mind;
 Who, mold'ring earthward, 'rest of every trust
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energies dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
 There live, alas! of heaven directed mien,
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the Flower,
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
 Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
 Light to the grave his chance-created form,
 As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm;
 And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
 To-night and silence sink forever more."

My friends, is there anything beneficial in the scheme of infidelity? Has it a moral tendency? Let us take it in a universal sense and consider its effects upon society.

Mankind, socially and morally, are governed by fear, hope, example and discipline.

Fear is an element of our animal nature, and it is the dominant emotion of the human race. It withholds us from rash acts, points at danger, enforces the law of self-preservation, and restrains our brutal passions.

Infidelity has a tendency to relax the grip of fear, and thus allow society to become the prey of crime, for many submit to fear who have no regard for decency, religion, or God.

Religion operates upon fear for the sake of morality. It tells mankind to commit no crime, as there is a penalty attached to an evil action.

Infidelity is theoretical and indulgent; religion is practical and just.

Hope is a sentiment of the soul, and to man it is both guide and counselor. Without hope we would pass an aimless mortal life and enter into a miserable spiritual existence.

Infidelity does not accept hope in its broadest sense. It restricts this sentiment to earthly affairs. Religion acknowledges hope in both a worldly and a divine sense. To the man of God it is the bright beacon which illuminates the valley of the shadow of death. Hope is the Phoenix of the Soul, and from the ashes of the grave it takes an immortal flight.

Example is the voice of experience, and it directs the world. Every person has his idea of perfection. He sets up his model and imitates it; society does likewise, and the rule of example is established.

Infidelity destroys the perfect model of example. Unjust liberality has blinded its followers to the beauty of truth. Eat, drink, and be merry, is infidelity's creed.

Religious example is the glorious sun around which revolve the stars of truth and love; and with the flight of time it will grow brighter, and finally it shall be seen by every eye.

Discipline is a bulwark of society. The civil law could not effectually secure the ends of discipline without the aid of some palliating and adjusting principle.

Religion introduces morality, and morality lays the foundation upon which every social virtue stands. Infidelity is frivolous, and it rebels against custom, order, and discipline.

Thus we see that religion builds the strongest social platform, and it carries the highest moral

standard. On the contrary we see the disorderly conduct of infidelity, and we know it to have a faulty conception of moral ethics.

Then let us conclude that infidelity would cause, were it universal, the down-fall of refined society; and let us believe that religion is better adapted to guide, protect and educate mankind.

Mr. Ingersoll is very much opposed to ridicule and slander, yet he indulges extravagantly in the use of both. I will quote his own words: "I congratulate myself that calumny is the pulpit's last resort. The church, impotent and malicious, regrets not the abuse but the loss of her power, and seeks to hold by falsehood, what she gained by cruelty and force, by fire and fear."

That untruth is but an atom in the bulk of his slander. What next?

According to the eloquent gentleman, it is logic, or some truthful form of reasoning.

He says: "Imagine the Lord God with a bone in his hand, with which to start a woman, trying to make up his mind whether to make a blond or a brunette."

To me, that sounds like fiendish ridicule. A man who scorns his Creator is devoid of the natural instinct of the human race. Ingersoll swings the lash of ridicule like a brutal clown.

I will recite one more argument from the Colonel's book of mistakes which he attributed to Moses.

He says: "Let us suppose, for a moment, that we are at the day of judgment listening to the trial of souls as they arrive. The Recording Secretary or whoever does the cross-examining, says to a soul,

Where are you from?

From the earth.

Did you belong to any church?

Yes, sir, and to the Young Men's Christian Association, besides.

What was your business?

Cashier in a saving bank.

Did you ever run away with any money?

Were I come from a witness could not be compelled to criminate himself.

The law is different here. Answer the question. Did you steal any money?

Yes, sir.

How much?

One hundred thousand dollars.

Did you take anything else with you?

I took my neighbor's wife—we sang together in the choir.

Did you have a wife and children of your own?

Yes, sir.

And you deserted them?

Yes, sir; but such was my confidence in God that I believed he would take care of them.

Have you ever heard of them since?

No, sir.

Did you believe in the rib-story?

Bless your soul, of course I did. A thousand times have I regretted that there were no harder stories in the Bible so that I could have shown my wealth of faith.

Do you believe in the rib-story yet?

With all my heart.

Give him a harp!"

Robert's converts will find more sustenance on a rib than in all of his talk. Too much eloquence is hard on the constitution. Humor is nature's playful child; but ridicule is the offspring of envy. In this case I will fight the Devil with his own fire.

Let us imagine that we are on the heavenly side of the "Impassible Gulf," witnessing the Devil's conduct at his grand reception day. Ingersoll arrives and heartily shakes the Devil's hand.

How do you do? You are very *familiar*—what is your name?

Why, don't you know me? I am the great orator, Ingersoll.

Is that so? Now, Colonel, I will ask you a few questions.

Go ahead; I have a clean record.

Well, what do you want?

I want to go to Hell.

Why?

Because I have been driven from every other corporation.

Do you believe me to be stronger, wiser, and grander than God?

Yes, sir.

Did you regularly break the Sabbath day?

I did to the fullest extent of my power, and I also advocated dissipation and carousal during the Day of Rest.

Very good. Recite "The Skeptics Creed."

We believe in force and matter, and in blind chance. We deny the existence of God Almighty, and we believe in eternal death.

That is correct. Mr. Ingersoll did you write that "telescope item"?

I did; and I think it is a witty point.

Colonel, I do the thinking in this place.

Did you write that joke about Adam's rib?

I did; and I wish you could have heard the people laugh whenever I outraged the name of God.

Did you deny Christ?

I slandered Him in the most viscious manner,

and from the bottom of Hell I will eternally curse Him.

Mr Ingersoll, up to the present moment, I have been the most savage fiend in the universe. But your examination entitles you to take the highest honor in the college of fiends. Accept my crown, my scepter, my tail, and cloven hoofs. Wear them with all the dignity of a mighty king, and throughout the ages of fierce heat and awful agony do not forget the Prince who gave his throne to you.

Farewell, Colonel Ingersoll. I wish you all the pleasure that this "Hot Place" can shower upon you. Exit Devil.

Religion sweetens the pleasures and lessens the sorrows of life, and infidelity cannot add to our happiness nor mitigate our misery. For example, we will view two scenes of life, in which joy and grief are represented.

Scene first: A home, tidy and comfortable. A mother sits, and her infant sleeps upon her breast. The mother speaks in soliloquy.

"My heart is filled with joy. God gave to me this breathing token of his love. How innocent it is, how sweet and pure, a tiny image of its Infinite Creator. Deep in my soul I will cherish His name, and my babe shall be taught to honor and adore Him."

Enter Infidel. "Wife, I am going to hear Ingersoll deliver a lecture; will you accompany me?"

"No, Mr. Infidel, Ingersoll cannot benefit those who listen to him.

"Ingersoll cannot? Why, he is reforming the world."

"No, he cannot reform the world, for Christ has reformed it, and since His Ascension all so-called reformations are only adaptations of His Word."

"But Ingersoll is shaking the pillars in the temple of religion, and in this grand country he is praised and imitated."

"Has he benefitted our country, or improved the morals of its cities? The political face of this nation wears the mask of fraud, and the social body is branded by murder, discord, and intemperance."

"But Ingersoll is stepping upon the fanatics of old custom."

"His conduct is unjust, for old custom is the corner-stone of the school of progress.

"Husband, our home is a palace of pleasure and comfort. No tyrant can disturb its tranquility; for love shall hold its peaceful sway, and with our sweet babe we will stand at the altar of innocence. Infidelity cannot add to our happiness."

Scene second: The same characters, home and room. In the room is a casket. The casket is open, and it contains the body of an infant. The mother leans over it and speaks in soliloquy:

"Art thou gone sweet babe?
Gone, gone from her whose bosom once did thrill
With thy fond touch? Alas!
Death's awful hand hath plucked thee from my heart,
And voiceless pallor paints thy dimpled form.
Thy life hath ended like a lovely scene,
Which, floating on the tinsel wings of dream,
At last must fade away in dawn's gray shroud.
Yet, as I fold thy tiny hands, and weigh
Thine eye-lids down in death's pathetic sleep,
I feel no fearful pang or griping throb;
For in that deathless land of peace and love,
We'll meet, yes, once again.
Into the strong, fond arms of Him who said,
'Forbid them not', I give this tender germ.
Sweet babe, just for a little while, farewell!"

Enter Infidel: "Wife, my haughty strength is gone. Foolish philosophy is become a burden, and my soul pants for consolation."

"Husband, listen. Within this casket is the evidence of life's frail and uncertain nature.

Gloom stalks through scenes of worldly splendor, and sorrow follows in the foot-prints of joy. Genius, whose dauntless energy thrills the world, must fall, and melt away in the jaws of the bloated worm. Beauty must lay aside the gaudy robe, and wrap herself in the garments of death. Music may awaken courage, thrill imagination, or touch deep sentiment, but its sweetest harmonies die away in the plaintive cadence of sorrow. Life's brightest dream must fade at the ghostly dawn of disappointment.

"Such is the nature of our mortal life. But, only in this material body are we the subjects of change or death. Christ tells us that death is his servant; that this gross body is but the temporary companion of a perfect spiritual body; that immortality will unfold scenes of endless beauty; that in Heaven we shall realize every sweet dream, each earnest hope. 'I am the way, the truth and the life,' is written upon the gates of eternity."

"Wife, infidelity is an arrogant boaster, and doubt is a traitor. Despair stands at the grave and scoffs at the fool who doubts the word of God. Scepticism cannot console me. It tells me that my child has been swallowed by the black throat of decay, to be forever lost. It tells me that every life is an off-spring of chance, its end a frightful tragedy,—eternity, a blank. I cannot believe it. There is a Creator, Comforter, Savior.

"Within this casket my tears shall fall. The jewels of repentance will glisten in the crown of death. Upon my infant's pulseless breast I will place the bonds of faith and hope."

Then, let us believe that religion sweetens the pleasures and lessens the sorrows of life. Let us conclude that Mr. Ingersoll's religious views are

distorted, that many of his assertions are mistakes, that infidelity is a mistake, and that those who advocate it are mistaken.

Nature, with its ten thousand voices, is testifying of God's truth and love. Ingersoll has but one voice, and he uses it to defame the Word of his Creator. The Christian believes that the human body is the direct workmanship of God. Ingersoll proclaims himself a descendent of the monkey. The Colonel eloquently apes lineal aristocracy. Ingersoll is a mouth organ of infidelity, but his relatives, the monkeys, prefer the hand-organ.

Evolution, ladies and gentlemen, is the cause of this social discord. Evolution, as applied to man, is a systematization of theories, assertions, and absurdities. Examine, for instance, the scientific character of the monkey.

The ancient scientists classified the monkey as an animal, but they were a little guarded in their views as they were afraid of public opinion. The modern scientists have no dread of public opinion. They say a man is a monkey, and that the monkey is man. Mr. Darwin represents the modern scientists.

There is another scientific class that positively declare that the monkey is the creator of the human race. One of the strongest advocates of this school is Colonel Ingersoll.

My friends, the excitement will soon be over, for the secret has been revealed. A Kentucky scientist has discovered that the monkey is a "chestnut."

But let us look at evolution in the light of Christian common sense.

Can you accept a hairy monster as your first parent? A monster that is an idiotic clown in the

scale of animal life? Do you believe that the shaggy, loathsome body of a beast contains the immortal elements of a human soul? No; it cannot be!

Evolution is an argument which was first howled in the infernal regions by discontented devils. Evolution is a python that drags man into a swamp and links him to a beast. It drives its hideous fang into the bosom of woman; fills her nature with brutish venom; and toward the sublime presence of God it lifts its putrid head.

The intelligence of man is from a grander source than the coarse brain of a brute. An intellect that can touch the stars and weigh them in the balance of thought never had its beginning in the flat skull of a monstrosity. The leering face of a wild beast is not the fundamental type of the lovely countenance of woman. You cannot cover the genius of man with the skin of a monkey. Reason never had a tail.

Shakespeare's stupendous mind, that roofed the realm of nature and fenced it in with foot-lights, never originated in the muddy brain of an ape. A monkey cannot climb the height of Beethoven's genius.

Architecture, painting, and music were not born in a jungle with a baboon grinning over them.

Instinct crawls in the mud; but reason walks in the crystal palace of thought. Evolution follows the track of instinct. Reason is clothed with the sun; in her crown is the morning star; her breath is sweet incense; she is the lovely daughter of truth.

God's grandeur glitters in the firmament; his love is faintly expressed in the pure and tender emotions of the human heart; his truth is

reflected by the flaming mirror of day; the shadow of his beauty and purity is on the lillies of the field; and we see His image in the wonderful symmetry of the human form.

Man's origin is exalted; we are the children of the Parent Divine.

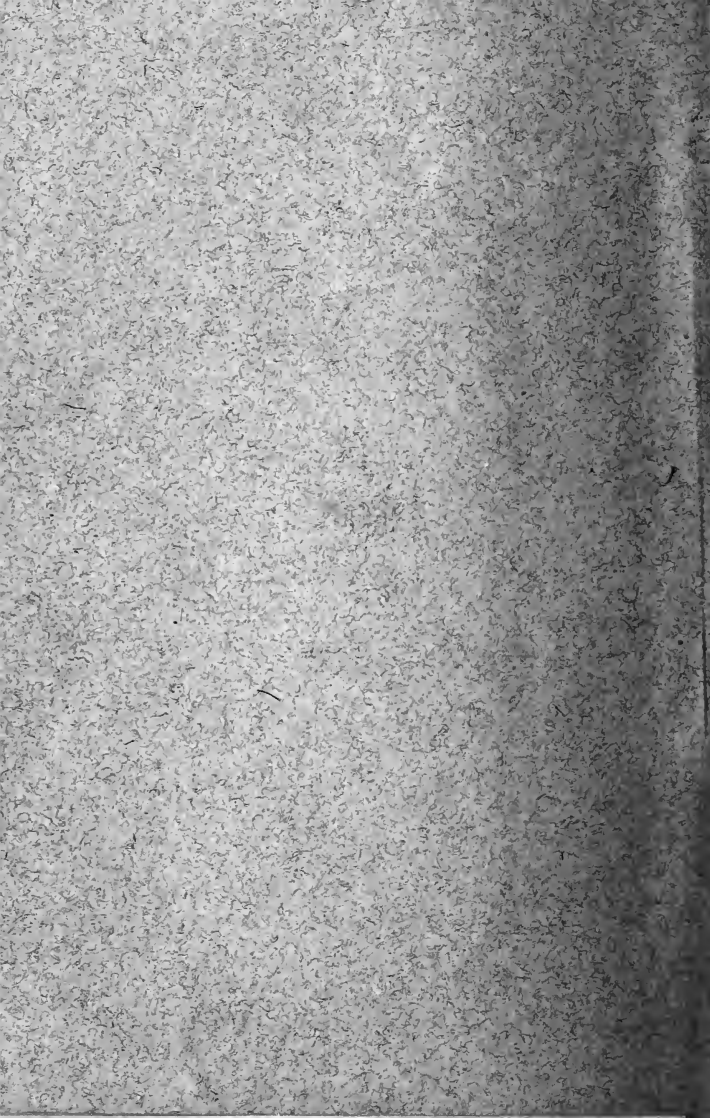
Evolution, as applied to man, is only a theory, and it will soon be classed as infidelity's greatest mistake, as one of the mistakes of Ingersoll.

A glorious day is dawning. The light is creeping into the valleys of superstition and into the caves of doubt. The White Horse, its rider, and the armies of Heaven are advancing through the glittering gates of day, and the thunder of the chariots begin to shake the world. Infidelity, idolatry, and false doctrines are doomed; "Behold, I make all things new," is their sentence of death.

Ladies and gentlemen, to point out the imperfections of a fellow man is a solemn undertaking; for he who does so unjustly is in danger of the judgment. But I stand before you with uplifted hand, and testify that I have spoken without prejudice or malice. I know that I must give an account of my motives in the judgment hall of eternity. I know that death will open the book of my life, and that I shall stand in the presence of an immortal host.

Then, to the people of the judgment I will say, as I have said to you,—I speak the honest evidence of my heart: I believe Ingersoll is mistaken.





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